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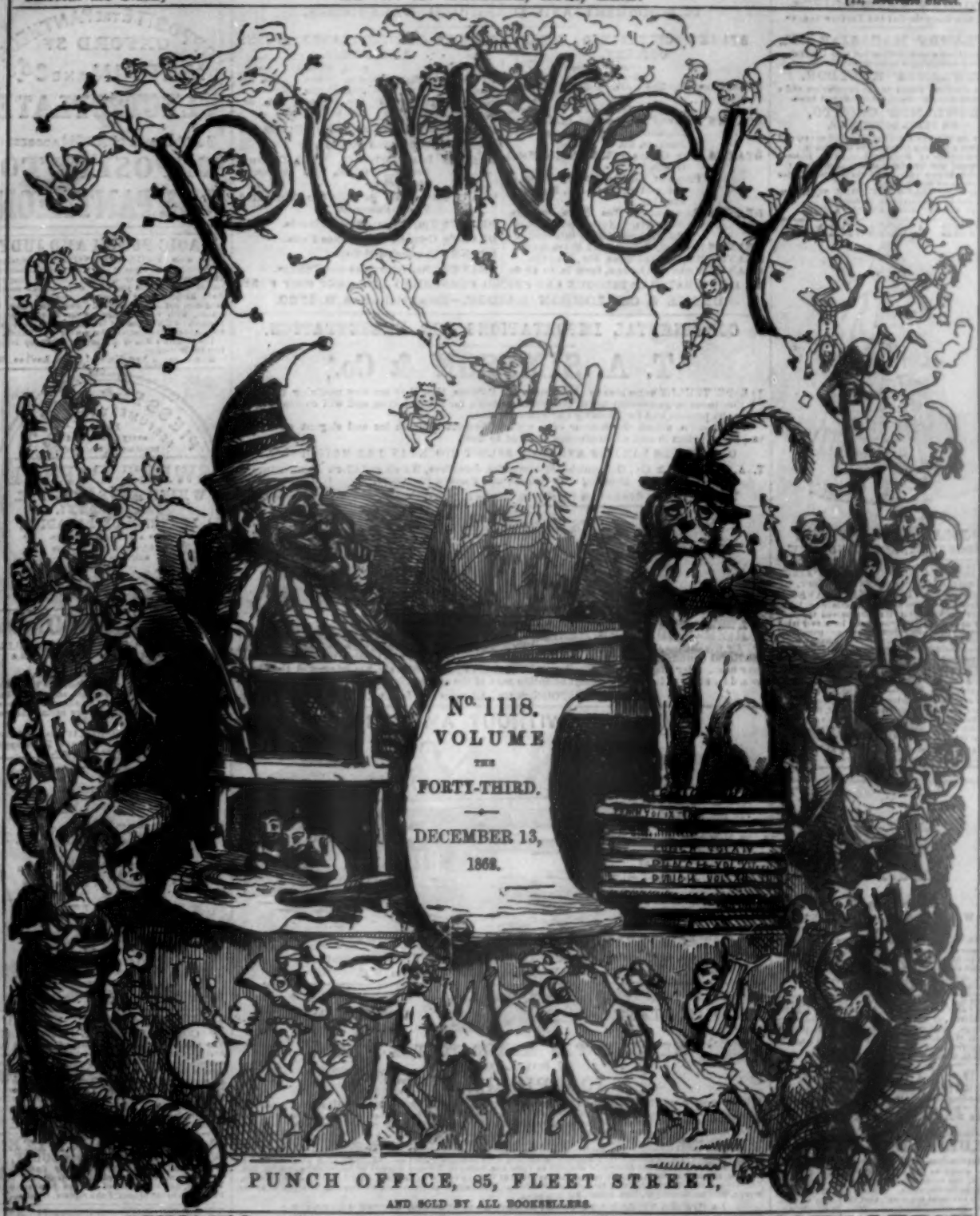

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PROTECTION FOR PEDESTRIANS.

IF, in spite of penal servitude, these street outrages continue, it is clear that we must arm ourselves against garotting ruffians, and that our weapons for the warfare must consist of something more than a cane or an umbrella, a doorkey or a toothpick. In the savage days when London was infested by the Mohawks, gentlemen wore swords, and knew how to use them: and clearly some such fashion as this must be revived, if we would escape being either maimed or murdered. Metal collars with long spikes must be worn instead of paper ones, and great coats made à-la-porcupine must be likewise introduced, with spring daggers at the elbows and sharp spikes all up the back, ready to start out and stab the Thugs who may attack us. The Anti-Garotte suit will be advertised by tailors, and gentlemen when dressing for suburban evening parties will be advised to make a trial of SNIP AND Co.'s steel helmet, or recommended to provide themselves with SNOOKS's coat of mail. Nobody will deem his costume as complete without having a life preserver or stout bludgeon to his wrist, and belting round his waist a cutlass or a broadsword. Tailors will turn armourers and swordmakers and gunsmiths; and to their question of "Any other article to-day Sir?" they will add the wish that you would try their razor bowie-knives, or will beg you just to look at their bayonet-revolvers, or will say they have invented a sweet thing in the bludgeon way and the neatest pair of knuckle-dusters that have yet come out.

Really from the outrages which have been lately perpetrated, one might think that one was living now in London as it used to be a hundred years ago: and one expects to see the managers of theatres and concert-rooms give notice as of old, that stout fellows armed with cudgels will be in waiting nightly, to escort such of the audience as wish it to their homes.

TO GAROTTERS.—"CAVE TOMKINS."

TOMKINS (*loq.*). "*Let 'em try it on again, that's all.*"

EGYPTIAN BONDAGE.

IN a communication from Alexandria giving an account of the progress, if that is a proper expression, of M. LESSEPS's Suez Canal, the number of labourers employed on that desperate undertaking is estimated at 40,000 fellahs; and, we are told:—

"These labourers are paid by piecework under their respective sheikhs. Government collects and conveys the men to the spot, punishing all fugitives with hard labour in chains, which proves that the service is not voluntary."

Poor fellahs! Part of so little of the cutting as has been already made, extends through a tract of drift-sand, and amounts to a ditch, whereof the dimensions, according to the authority above cited, are "from 14 to 15 metres wide on the water line, and two metres deep," at present; "but a casual simoom may at any time reclose the thoroughfare." The compulsory toils of the Danaides, and the penal servitude of the demon whom the magician set to work in making ropes of sand appear to have found their match in the unproductive labour of those pitiable fellahs who are so pitilessly fagged at the requisition of M. LESSEPS, for no good.

THE POOR GAROTTER.

THE poor Garotter, fierce, and rude,
  How shall we soften that man's mind,
Reclaim him to a milder mood,
  And teach him to be good and kind?
Oh! let us send him to a place,
  Of refuge, not to call it gaol,
And treat with gentleness his case,
  For fear severity might fail.

We 'll clothe him warm, and feed him well,
  If not on sausages and tripe,
Though against beer we close his cell,
  And wean him from his nasty pipe:
Give him good books and tracts to read,
  And teach him texts on texts to string,
Repeat his prayers, recite his creed,
  And psalms and hymns with unction sing.

We 'll practise him in heaving sighs
  Remorseful, and compunctious groans,
We 'll school him to upturn his eyes,
  In going on his marrowbones,
To use the pocket-handkerchief,
  Snuffle, and blow his nose, and weep,
And trust we 've changed this blessed thief
  Out of a wolf into a sheep.

In healthy, not excessive, toil,
  His strength we 'll use him to exert,
His easy labour shall not spoil
  His hands; for he must not be hurt.
And oh! on no account the Cat
  Across his shoulders would we lay.
Score naughty soldiers' backs with that;
  The poor Garotter never flay.

Corrected, chastened, and subdued,
  Converted, rendered meek and mild,
Repentant, humbled and renewed,
  In brawny form a little child,
The period of his sentence o'er
  Not half, we 'll pity and forgive,
Bidding him go and rob no more,
  But like a Saint in future live.

Ah! what if he resume the track
  Of crime, which he before had trod,
And if again we have him back,
  Within a month or so, in Quod?
Then, how are we, whose hearts have gushed
  Towards this brute, with overflow,
To cure the throat his gripe has crushed,
  Or cranium fractured with his blow?

INNOCENT OR GUILTY?

A Street Dialogue.

Brown. Ah, JONES, how de doo? So SIR GEORGE GREY wouldn't hang that sweep, eh?

Jones. No, certainly not. SIR GEORGE believed that he didn't kill his wife.

Brown. But he has given him penal servitude for life.

Jones. Well, what then?

Brown. Why—if you put it that way—to be sure I'm a bachelor and don't profess to be a judge of such matters,—but doesn't it seem to be a good deal to give a fellow for not killing his wife.

Jones. You must settle that with SIR GEORGE GREY.

[*Exit.*

Behold the haughty Sabretache, as he walks down the High Street—cold, sarcastic, unbending as ever, and with more than his usual stateliness, for he sees the lovely Violet and her lady-mother coming towards him.

[N.B. The optical illusion of the Pails, so detrimental to dignity, is caused by a Milkmaid walking behind him.

WELLY CLAMMING.

"Everywhere we hear this, the Lancashire Doric for 'Nearly Starving'."—*Correspondents.*

HEAR the Plaint, 'tis not a cry,
  Here's no whining, wailing, shamming,
Think what sorrows underlie
  "Welly Clamming."

In our prisons rascals sleep
  Amply fed, well-nigh to cramming,
Honest hearts in silence weep,
  "Welly Clamming."

Shameless beggars bellow loud,
  Thoughtless benefactors bamming;
These by fireless chimney bowed,
  "Welly Clamming."

Shameless paupers enter bold
  Workhouse doors behind them slamming,
These sit shivering in the cold,
  "Welly Clamming."

Clothe them; blankets, jackets, hose,
  In a kindly hurry ramming
Into bags sent off to those
  "Welly Clamming."

Feed them. Round no Union door
  They stand jeering, jostling, jamming;
Send them food, and hear no more
  "Welly Clamming."

Were the stream of gold, I wis,
  E'er so near to check and damming,
It must flow in flood at this—
  "Welly Clamming."

Help them. Spring will soon be here,
  Smiling, greening, flowering, lambing,
You'll be paid, to miss that drear,
  "Welly Clamming."

These are forced and feeble rhymes—
  Let the faintest praise fall damning
On them, so their moral chimes
  "Welly Clamming."

THE NAGGLETONS ON EDUCATION.

SCENE—*The Breakfast Table of combat.*

Mr. Naggleton (*reading a curious little note that he finds on his plate on coming down*). "My dere pappa wil you Bee So werry kind to take Me and hedgar to The sologcal Gardings today. do if you pleese dear pappa so no More at presnt From your afectuate Son WALTER NAGLETON." Upon my honour, MARIA, at nine years old a boy ought to spell better than that.

Mrs. N. Just like you. Finding fault with the poor child's spelling instead of being pleased with his letter.

Mr. N. I am not pleased with his letter.

Mrs. N. You don't deserve to be a father.

Mr. N. There are several things that I don't deserve. But never mind grievances now. I consider that spelling disgraceful to a boy of nine years old.

Mrs. N. He is not nine.

Mr. N. Good gracious, he will be nine on Saturday next.

Mrs. N. And you remember his birthday. Wonderful!

Mr. N. I should like to know which of his birthdays I have forgotten, or yours either, which make rather a longer list. But do you defend that spelling?

Mrs. N. We do not expect orthography in a child of eight years old, and I think if he shows intelligence enough to write at all, and affection enough to express himself so prettily, his father need not set himself to pick holes in the poor thing's note.

Mr. N. I'm a brute, of course. And you wish him to go through life putting one "*f*" into affectionate?

Mrs. N. If he grows up like some people it is not a word he will often want.

Mr. N. Not if he writes autobiography.

Mrs. N. That is wit, I suppose. I should think you might find some other subject for your facetiousness than your children's welfare.

Mr. N. It is about their welfare that I wish to speak seriously, if you would let me. WALTER's education ought to be taken in hand.

Mrs. N. I had always supposed that a boy's education was his father's business, not his mother's.

Mr. N. That is too good, when you have doggedly opposed every proposal I ever made for having the boys taught anything. You and PETER GRIEVOUS together have made such a clamour whenever I suggested anything like teaching that I wonder the lad knows B from a bull's foot.

Mrs. N. (*with a grimace*). I hope, poor things, that somehow they will be taught enough to preserve them from vulgarity.

Mr. N. Well, I don't stand on the bull's foot, it was a phrase of the last generation. I retract the bull, and again I say that WALTER, if not EDGAR, ought to go to school.

Mrs. N. It was only the other day that you overwhelmed me with a storm of violence for hinting at such a thing, and you declared with the most shocking language that they should stay at home until they were fit for Harrow.

Mr. N. (*remembering the speech, and meanly evading*). MARIA, I insist upon your abstaining from untruth as regards me. I will *not* be accused of wilful and ungentlemanly violence.

Mrs. N. (*sweetly*). My dear HENRY, I do not say that it is wilful. It was always in your nature, and is so habitual that you do not know when you are making yourself ridiculous.

Mr. N. (*with meaning*). Yes I do, sometimes. (*Glances at a bracelet*). But in the interest of the children let us speak rationally, for once. I ask you to look at that note of WALTER's.

Mrs. N. I will take care that the poor child never annoys you with another.

Mr. N. *You* should be a better judge what annoyance is.

Mrs. N. I am a wife, HENRY, not a slave, and I am in the habit of saying what I think.

Mr. N. What you think will vex, you mean.

Mrs. N. If you are vexed with good sense, it is your fault, not mine.

Mr. N. I am not, but with spiteful nonsense.

Mrs. N. *That* you never hear from me. I do not know, of course, what sort of company you keep elsewhere. The friends whom you made by your first marriage might, I should think, have hardened you for that sort of talk.

Mr. N. You know nothing of them.

Mrs. N. And have no desire to know anything.

Mr. N. Ah! One might think WALTER and EDGAR were children by my first marriage, to see the way in which they are neglected.

Mrs. N. A mother can despise such a wicked imputation. If you could be cool for a moment, and permit me to speak, I would tell you that I have been consulting MR. SNOTCHLEY about the children.

Mr. N. And why should you consult that prig?

Mrs. N. That prig, as you coarsely call him, has had the superintendence of the education of children of first-rate persons, and his advice must therefore be valuable.

Mr. N. I am not a first-rate person, and his advice may go—(*rather ashamed of himself*)—may go where it is wanted.

Mrs. N. (*looks at him, but for once makes a golden bridge for a flying enemy*). You cannot be so cruel, HENRY, as not to desire that your children should be brought up better than you have been.

Mr. N. (*taking the bridge*). Well, in some senses, I do desire it. But I should not like them to be SNOTCHLEYS.

Mrs. N. They might be worse.

Mr. N. Yes, they might be like his children, who are the most insufferable little puppets I ever wished at Jericho. Would you like to see EDGAR standing on the table after dinner, reciting *Paradise Lost?*

Mrs. N. Yes, if he would recite it like AUGUSTUS SNOTCHLEY.

Mr. N. Then I should not. I'd rather see him lie on the table on his stomach, like WALTER, reading *Chevy Chase* in that peculiarly comfortable attitude.

Mrs. N. Your prejudices against the man make you utterly unjust. He had no object in the advice he gave me.

Mr. N. I'll tell you about that when I hear what it was.

Mrs. N. He recommended that the boys should not be sent to school.

Mr. N. Well, he doesn't keep one, certainly.

Mrs. N. I should be ashamed of such paltriness, HENRY. He says that the schools about here are not the thing.

Mr. N. What thing? The thing his notion of a school would be, silver forks, and parsing out of the *Peerage?*

Mrs. N. Even if it were so, no child is the worse for knowing the names of the aristocracy.

Mr. N. No, for when he gets into business, he'll be better able to avoid discounting their bills.

Mrs. N. As I believe our boys are not going into business, that radical and unjust sneer is quite beside the question.

Mr. N. There are some very good schools round here. CHARLES HELSTON was saying so the other morning on the top of the buss.

Mrs. N. (*almost sublimely*). And you would send a child to a school recommended on the top of an omnibus!

Mr. N. Ha! ha! ha! I can't be angry with you, my dear, in the face of such a noble sentiment. Yes, HELSTON says that there's a capital school round here in Rockton Grove—ALLABY, I think, was the name, but you can send and ascertain particulars.

Mrs. N. (*sarcastically*). I need not send far. The younger children of RHATANY, the chemist, go there. I know that for a fact.

Mr. N. A very good recommendation. RHATANY is a very clever man, and would certainly not send his children where they would not be well taught and treated.

Mrs. N. Thank you, HENRY. I have no wish that *my* children should come home smelling of rhubarb and magnesia. If I can give them nothing else, I will give them the education of gentlemen. Perhaps you would like to ask MR. RHATANY to dinner?

Mr. N. I should, dev—I should like very much, only he'd be bored with such talk as is mostly heard here. RHATANY attends lectures by FARADAY and OWEN, and might not much care for Dundrearyism. But if ALLABY won't do for you and the DUKE OF SNOTCHLEY, there's another good school, not much farther—the REVEREND MR. PIPUS'S.

Mrs. N. The name would be enough, but are you aware that the *Reverend* MR. PIPUS, as you call him, is a Dissenter?

Mr. N. That's truly awful. But as Dissenters do not, for being so, as yet come under the actual operation of the criminal law, I think we might inquire whether the monster has any redeeming points.

Mrs. N. HENRY, I know well your levity on all serious matters, but here my duty compels me to speak. My children shall be gentlemen and Christians.

Mr. N. PIPUS took honours at Cambridge.

Mrs. N. The more shame for Cambridge, HENRY, to allow such things, but you know that it was always considered a low College.

Mr. N. Was it, dear? I didn't know. But if you say so, that settles PIPUS, though he wrote a crushing answer to *Essays and Reviews*.

Mrs. N. I may not approve of that work, but it is like MR. PIPUS's impertinence, living in a back street at Brompton—

Mr. N. (*maliciously*). South Kensington, dear.

Mrs. N. To take upon himself to answer the clergy of the Establishment. I will not send the boys to be brought up as infidels and revolutionists.

Mr. N. (*gravely*). I don't know that I exactly wish it. What have you to propose, then?

Mrs. N. Any proposal of mine will of course be met with outcry and scoff.

Mr. N. Never mind, make one, and be a martyr.

Mrs. N. I think that a tutor might come in and instruct WALTER and EDGAR for a few hours in the day.

Mr. N. A private tutor. Hm. I hear the voice of SNOTCHLEY.

Mrs. N. Certainly it was his advice. I have no one else to ask counsel from.

Mr. N. You're very good. Suppose *I* give you a little without being asked.

Mrs. N. *Pray do.*

Mr. N. You are a very highly educated wo—no, lady—you can't deny that, for you have told me so a million times, and besides, there are your translations from CARY'S *Dante*—no, I really beg your pardon, from *Dante*—elegantly written out in the green and gold album to testify to your abilities.

Mrs. N. Pray go on. When a husband begins to praise, a wife should look out for an insult that is seldom far off.

Mr. N. LORD ROSSE'S telescope wouldn't show you one in this case, my dear. I was merely about to say that suppose *you* were to become the tutor, and take the boys in hand for a bit. You've handsome eyes, MARIA, but you need not open them so very wide.

[MRS. N. *is unable to speak, but rises from the table.*

Mr. N. (*taking base advantage of her helplessness.*) You've nothing else to do, you know, at least in the mornings. Teach 'em from eleven to two. It would be a delightful recreation for you.

Mrs. N. (*solemnly.*) HENRY! Let this subject be dropped between us for ever. There are limits to the endurance of a wife. [*Exit.*

Mr. N. (*in dastardly exultation at her slip of the tongue.*) Yes, she *is* sometimes unendurable. Ha! ha! [*Exit the brute, actually chuckling.*

ALFRED THE LITTLE AND ALFRED THE GREAT.

PRINCE ALFRED, however from squalls or from shot
As a true British tar he may scorn to recoil,
Let us hope won't go meddling with Greece hissing hot,
When such meddling is certain to end in a broil.

Let him think of poor Puss, when by flattery moved,
Of an oily-tongued monkey, so cunning and 'cute,
To pluck from the bars the roast chestnuts he loved,
How Puss got a singeing, while Pug pouched the fruit.

Or in case ÆSOP'S fountain of wisdom be deemed
Not the source whence a prince his examples should draw,
KING ALFRED THE GREAT will by all be esteemed
A guide and example without fault or flaw.

We all know—or High Art has indeed wrought in vain—
How, when left, the old wife's barley-bannocks to turn,
The King, in her hovel who shelter had ta'en,
Thought it better *her* cakes, than *his* fingers, should burn.

Then following this caution of ALFRED THE GREAT'S,
Let ALFRED the little, should Hellas combine
To ask our young tar to take charge of her cates,
To blister his fingers politely decline.

Philhellenes are we all: Greeks and Greece we admire;
But lending her sovereigns we've dabbled enough in;
Best leave her to pluck her own nuts from the fire,
And at cost of Greek fingers to toast the Greek muffin.

The Rope and the Ring.

WE are told that the mill between MACE and KING was a "demoralising exhibition." Then what is the performance of BLONDIN? The attraction of a prize-fight does not consist in the chance that it may terminate fatally; but how many people would go to see the acrobat if they felt quite certain that he could not possibly break his neck?

BEST MEMORIAL OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

A MEMORIAL to MR. COWPER, requesting him to keep the Park Road open.

RATHER SATIRICAL.

CAPTAIN SWELLINGTON. *"What a beautiful Muff, Miss Merriton—Charming Muff—there's something very delightful in a Muff."*
MISS MERRITON. *"Dear me, Captain Swellington, is your Trumpeter dead?"*

SIR JOSHUA JEBB'S PEN OF PRIZE LAMBS.

(*At the Metropolitan Fat-Cattle Show, Dec.* 1862.)

WHAT ELLMAN of Glynde was as an improver of our short-woolled Southdowns, BAKEWELL of Ditchley as an improver of the old long-woolled Leicesters, and CULLEY of Fenton, or JONAS WEBB of Babraham, as crossers of the long and short-woolled strains, SIR JOSHUA JEBB may claim to be in the case of his favourites, known as the Dartmoor or Portland variety of the old black-legged, coarse-featured, bull-headed, thick-necked, Newgate breed.

A pen of SIR JOSHUA'S lambs just now on exhibition in the Metropolis (and delineated on the opposite page by our Artist), are considered by all the judges as the most perfect examples yet seen of what may be done to develope the animal by careful selection of the stock in the first instance, and then by cultivating the natural qualities to the utmost by high feeding, the greatest attention to warm, dry, and well-aired housing, cleanliness, and every other condition of health and comfort. In order to be able perfectly to estimate what SIR JOSHUA JEBB has done for his favourite Portland and Dartmoor breed, we have only to contrast his pen, either with one of the old Newgate breed, scantily fed, miserably housed, and harshly used in every way, or with one of the native stock of the district about Portland and Dartmoor, unkempt, unwashed, faring hard, ill-lodged, and generally uncared for. SIR JOSHUA'S lambs are the very perfection of development: the somewhat coarse and heavy face and bull-neck run in the blood, but the fine clear skins and short wool, the fat well laid on to the ribs, loins, and quarters, but not in excess of what is required for perfect health and symmetry, the sleek, round legs and forearms, and the general air of content and well-being, are entirely due to SIR JOSHUA'S admirable system of diet and housing. SIR JOSHUA'S lambs are very free feeders, and fatten very quickly, in spite of their heavy bone: they carry a short fleece, but the present pen being shearlings, must be judged rather by their symmetry than their wool.

They are however a very costly breed, and this, with their confirmed tendency to break bounds and run wild, at present militates much against their popularity. SIR JOSHUA has completely dissipated the notion formerly prevalent that lambs of this class ought to be kept hard, and would improve most rapidly on coarse and scanty fare, rough lodging, and generally severe treatment. On this system we rarely saw the qualities of the animal developed to anything like the perfection to which SIR JOSHUA has succeeded in bringing them. The Portland or Dartmoor lamb remained a stunted, poor, meagre specimen of his race, ragged in coat, low in flesh, dull and spiritless in eye, carriage and demeanour. The best proof how highly SIR JOSHUA'S improved breed is appreciated is the number he is annually enabled to let (loose), the figure they cut in the (police) reports, and before the most eminent judges, and the number that are annually sent abroad, which would be much greater if our colonies had not somehow contracted a prejudice against the breed, which has thrown a great deal too many on the home market of late. SIR G. W. BRAMWELL has lately borne striking testimony to the merits of a sample pen of SIR JOSHUA'S lambs, which came under that excellent judge's eye, and stood A 1 at the last show in Newgate market.

In a word, it may be said of SIR JOSHUA'S lambs, that wherever they enter the field they floor everything that comes in their way. Nothing can stand against them. SIR JOSHUA'S great secret after all is feeding and lodging. Instead of the coarse and carelessly prepared "skilly" which with bread and water constituted the food of the old Dartmoor and Portland breeds, SIR JOSHUA'S improved lambs have a diet-table varying daily, which includes a great variety of carefully prepared mashes, and all the roots in season, to say nothing of other and more substantial aliments. Then for the dark, damp, cold, and gloomy quarters, once thought good enough for these animals, SIR JOSHUA has substituted clean, dry, spacious, airy and warm houses, in which his lambs are, as a rule, far better lodged than the labourers who are employed about them. It is no wonder, if under this costly and careful system SIR JOSHUA'S lambs lay on meat freely, and exhibit the very perfection of highly developed animal condition.

At how many pounds every one of these lambs stands we should not like to guess, but it is certain they must come very heavy. The only danger is, that such very high feeding may develope inflammatory

SIR JOSHUA JEBB'S PEN OF PET LAMBS.

tendencies. SIR JOSHUA declares, however, that this high feeding is necessary for the health of the animal when kept under cover, and fattened in the house. He would not advocate it for animals left to run at large. In short, if asked to point to the most consummate animals in this show we should turn to SIR JOSHUA's pen of prize lambs, with the emphatic words—"*That*'s the ticket!"

GENEROUS DIET IN GAOLS.

THE following observations were made by MR. JUSTICE BYLES, the other day, in his charge to the Grand Jury, delivered at the Maidstone Assizes:

"It is said, gentlemen, that the prisoners live too well and better than paupers; but I presume that your medical officers will inform you that with the infliction of the separate system, a diet, more or less generous, is to the bulk of the labouring classes, absolutely indispensable. If you deviate from it, it may be that you deprive the labouring man of his only wealth, his constitution, and, in comparison to such a sentence as that, to sentence him to be hanged would be a comparative mercy."

Just so, Brother BYLES, and that is precisely why we do not want a garotte-robber sentenced to be hanged. It is worse to have your skull cracked, or a vessel in your brain burst, and to be rendered an idiot, or to have your jaw smashed and your teeth knocked out, and to be made miserable for life, than it would to be killed outright. The punishment suitable for a savage miscreant, who commits robbery accompanied with atrocious outrages, is one to which that of hanging would, as regards this world, be comparative mercy. No doubt, as you say, you may deprive him of his constitution if you feed him upon a diet in some degree less than generous. Thereby we agree with you that, if he were a labouring man, you would deprive him of his only wealth. But he is not a labouring man; he is a thieving man, and if you weaken his muscles you will only diminish the force with which he will clutch the throat and batter the heads of people as soon as you have let him loose upon society. By all means, therefore, let him be fed on the less than generous diet and not on the more.

Again, Brother BYLES, we quite coincide with you in the proposition that:—

"The moment we begin to inflict cruel or unusual punishments we offend against humanity and the Bill of Rights. One of the provisions of the Bill of Rights is that no Englishman shall be subject to cruel or unusual punishments."

Therefore flogging in the Army, as it is certainly not an unusual punishment, so neither is it a cruel one. If there is anybody who deserves flogging, it is the worst of scoundrels. Until, therefore, the cat-o'-nine-tails shall have been formally voted to be an inconsistency with the Bill of Rights, let the back of the arch-scoundrel *Bill Sykes* be liable to its infliction. Let the punishment of a violent robber be fifty stripes, with penal servitude for life to follow. Don't hang the wretch—give him a chance of repentance, but no opportunity of testing its sincerity in this world at the peril of HER MAJESTY's subjects. Hold him fast, and keep him fasting—upon a diet neither more nor less generous, but very spare. Seclusion, with low diet for internal remedy, and the lash by way of outward application, that, Brother BYLES, is the treatment for ferocious ruffians.

A labouring man betrayed by temptation into casual theft, or poaching, undoubtedly had better be kept on a more or less generous diet, in order that he may be enabled to work honestly for his living as soon as he is discharged from the House of Correction. But, Brother BYLES, perhaps you will, on consideration, be inclined to allow that the crime of theft, or even the offence of poaching is at the best more heinous than the fault of poverty, and that if ordinary convicts ought to be allowed a more or less generous diet, the generosity of their dietary allowance should be less, and not more than that of the proportion of nutriment allotted to paupers.

THE CONTAGION OF FEAR.—We know a poor timid old lady, who declares she wouldn't go into the Park for any consideration, she is so alarmed lest she might be stopped in Garotten Row!

YE RIGHT MERRIE JUDGEMENTS

OF

THE MOST WORSHIPFUL MR. BARON BRAMWELL

UPON YE GAROTTERS.

IN the Court of Old Bailey t'was BRAMWELL that spoke,
The Crown can't allow all these crowns to be broke,
So let each skulking thief who funks justice and me,
Just attend to the warning of brave BARON B.
Just hand me my notes, and some ink for my pen,
And gaoler look sharp and bring up all your men,
Under four years of servitude none shall go free,
For it 's up with the dander of stout BARON B.

There are isles beyond Portland, more depôts than Cork,
Where such convicts shall go if there 's more of this work,
There 's a cat whose tails number three series of three,
You 'll cry ho! when you feel it and bless BARON B.
Just hand, &c.

Be off to the quarries the forts and the docks,
Ere I spare a garotter, I 'll sit in the stocks,
Ay tremble, you scoundrels, you thought it a spree;
But you didn't expect then to face BARON B.
Just hand, &c.

There were ticket-of-leavers, with crowbars who 'd tried,
And brass knuckle-dusters to cause homicide,
But they shook in their shoes as was pleasant to see,
'Neath the soul-stirring accents of stout BARON B.
Just hand, &c.

He turned as he spoke to the hands of the clock,
And then, with a scowl on the thieves in the dock,
"The time 's getting on but I 've words two or three,
For your friends out of doors from your friend BARON B.
Just hand, &c.

"If one man dogs another as homeward he goes,
And masters his purse by the dint of some blows,
That man before long shall have audience of me,
And I 'll do my best for him," quoth stout BARON B.
He 's got at his notes and some ink in his pen,
MR. JONAS before him has ranged all his men,
"For life, ten years, four, none with less shall get free,"
More strength to your elbow say we, BARON B.

LEGAL LIBERALITY.

WE take the following advertisement from the *Law Times*:—

LAW.—WANTED a clerk who has a fair knowledge of abstracting, drawing deeds, and a fair accountant. Salary £1 per week. Office hours, 9 to 1 and 2 to 6. Address, A. Z., &c.

The law is said to be a "liberal" profession, but there are certainly exceptions to its rule of liberality, and one of these exceptions is the offer which we quote. A pound a week for working eight hours a-day is precisely at the rate of fivepence for an hour: and to earn this handsome salary, the clerk must have some brains and have the knowledge how to use them in doing something more than the mere drudgery of the desk. He must be a fair accountant and know how to draw a deed, and we presume that he will be required to come to office with a tolerably decent-looking coat upon his back. How he will support himself (and probably a family) upon his pound a week, is more than we at present feel competent to guess: but it would not much surprise us to hear that an accountant who was so badly paid tried to keep himself from starving by cooking his accounts. Low wages are a terrible temptation to dishonesty, and an accountant who possesses a knowledge of "abstracting" would be likely, if half-fed, to turn his thoughts some day to the abstraction of the cash-box, and, besides the other deeds with which he was entrusted, he might execute the deed of drawing a forged cheque.

Moderate Charges.

MR. PUNCH, who, after his labours in the sphere of absurdity, seeks recreation in serious reading, was much diverted with the BISHOP OF LONDON's Charge. For tolerance, good sense, charity, and freedom from cant, it is quite a curiosity of its kind. *Mr. Punch* never before read any Episcopal Charge, not consisting of mere platitudes, so moderate. Indeed, BISHOP TAIT's Charge is as moderate as the charge of 3*d*., or 4*d*. stamped, which is the charge of this celebrated periodical, and is all that *Mr. Punch* will ask for his magnificent forthcoming *Almanack*.

A COLT'S REVOLVER.

THE WATERS OF COMFORT.

When did ever land beside
Show the sight that England's showing—
All these streams of bounty flowing
Swift and steady, far and wide?

From cottagers' and children's hands
Many a tiny rillet springing,
Many a new Pactolus bringing
From rich purses golden sands.

Silver streams and streams of gold,
Meagre rill and mighty river,
In their flow converging ever,
As one tide at length are rolled.

All the desert on its brink
Gathers green from those glad waters:
Far-off warfare's guiltless martyrs,
Fainting stoop them down to drink.

Of the myriads that throng
To those waters none shall perish:
England's charity will cherish
Needs not bred of England's wrong.

Infallibility of the Female Sex.

The Ladies have a belief that Parisian corsets wear much longer than any other ones, and the dear creatures are right, as they always are, for we beg leave to point to the occupation of Rome by Louis Napoleon's army as an incontestable proof of how exceedingly lasting French Stays are.

Two Great Hits of the Season.

(In one Family.)

The Honourable Mrs. Norton (authoress) brings out the Lady of *La Garaye*.

The Honourable Mr. Norton (beak) brings up the Gentleman of *La Garotte*.

A ROMAN CANDLE (TO LIGHT US TO A VIEW OF OURSELVES).

Additional papers respecting the Roman question (in continuation of Papers already submitted to Parliament).

Mr. Odo Russell *to* Earl Russell (*Received Dec.* 10).

"My Lord, "*Rome, Dec.* 6.

"I have the honour to inclose for your Lordship's perusal, a letter from Cardinal Antonelli, in reply to your Lordship's despatch of the 12th ult. (of which, in pursuance of your Lordship's direction, I left a copy with the Cardinal), in relation to the brigandage of which the Papal territories have lately been the head-quarters.

"I have, &c.,

"(Signed) Odo Russell."

(Inclosure.)

From Cardinal Antonelli *to* Mr. Odo Russell (*attached to the Legation of her B. M. in Turin.*)

"Sir, "*The Vatican, Dec.* 5.

"I have to request that you will present my acknowledgments to Earl Russell of the new proof which he has given in the despatch of the 12th ult., of which you were instructed to leave a copy with me, of his interest in the affairs of the Government of his Holiness, and that you will convey to him my grateful thanks for the admirable lecture on Constitutional Government contained in that despatch, and for the various outline or draft constitutions, which Earl Russell has had the condescension to submit for the acceptance of his Holiness. Any further proof of interest in the affairs of his Holiness was unnecessary from the author of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, under which the Hierarchy of the Church one and indivisible, enjoy in safety their present dignities and emoluments in Great Britain. The Constitutional lecture, invaluable as it is, is superfluous, as I have already had the inestimable privilege of gleaning the substance of it from his Lordship's published works and Parliamentary speeches. The draft constitutions are unhappily inappropriate to the dominions of his Holiness. I return them, as his Lordship may find use for them in his communications with other Continental governments, for which he may be anxious to frame constitutions. The suggestions for the suppression of brigandage here, I also return with a request that before they are put into force in the capital of his Holiness, they may be tried in London, where his Holiness has observed with pain, and something as near indignation as is compatible with Apostolic meekness, that armed brigandage reigns unchecked in the streets, defying the authority of the law, and daily assailing peaceful and orderly citizens, while engaged in their innocent avocations. I have to request that you will convey to Earl Russell his Holiness's indignation at a state of things so incompatible with good government and so seriously compromising the cause of law and order. Whatever may be the condition of his Holiness's dominions or capital, he believes it will be admitted by all who know both Rome and London, that the latter city is just now the less free from the dangers of robbery and assassination, and that the number of persons compelled to carry arms for their protection is larger in London than in Rome. I have at the same time to request that you will convey to Earl Russell his Holiness's profound and painful surprise at the system in force in the prisons under the British executive. His Lordship will remember the very energetic remonstrances and protests which he considered it within his duty to offer against the treatment of prisoners in the kingdom of Naples. I have to request that you will remind his Lordship that if humanity may be outraged by harsh usage of the inmates of a prison, common sense may be equally outraged by the pampering and over-indulgence of the same class. His Holiness has observed with deep pain, not unmingled with disapprobation, how entirely common sense has been disregarded in the prison-system of England, where the aged and infirm labourer, compelled to close a life of toil in the workhouse, is treated in that asylum of destitution with less consideration and kindness than the sturdy and habitual breaker of the law in what should be his place of punishment.

"His Holiness, in his conviction that such a system must lead to demoralisation, and that it is likely to tempt his Holiness's Irish subjects, more especially, to purchase by crime those comforts which are denied to virtuous poverty, has charged me to convey through you to Earl Russell, for transmission to Her Britannic Majesty's Government, this expression of his hope that energetic measures will forthwith be

taken to put down the brigandage of London, and to reform that system of prison administration under which the ranks of that brigandage are recruited.

"If his Holiness be open to any reproach for not putting down the brigandage which devastates Naples, EARL RUSSELL must admit that the British Government can hardly hope to escape the censure of all governments claiming to speak in the cause of our common humanity, to say nothing of the interests of order, morality, and religion, when it deliberately lets loose a certain proportion of convicted criminals, every year, before the expiration of their sentences, to strike terror into the peaceable citizens of the capital.

"I have to request that you will transmit a copy of this despatch to EARL RUSSELL, and I have the honour to be, &c.

"ANTONELLI,
"*Cardinal and Minister of Foreign Affairs.*"

THE YAHOO IN YANKEE LAND.

HIS is good—from the *New York Times*:—

"The time will come when America will enforce reparation from England for the *Alabama's* depredations. The most effective cure for sectional heart-burnings will be a foreign war for a year or two. England has done all she can to break down America in her day of agony, and America will hate England for it till the last American now living goes to his grave."

If the Yankees believe that England has done all she can to break down America in her day of agony, it is manifest that England has done all she can to offend the Yankees. It would be satisfactory to be assured that they really entertain that belief, for then we should have nothing further to apprehend from their hatred and malice in consequence of anything more that we could possibly do. We might just as well agree to join the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH in a proffer of mediation between the hostile States, inasmuch as, by our co-operation in that friendly overture, we could not aggravate the determination to return us evil for good, which according to the *New York Times*, is already as strong as it can be. Indeed, we could not do worse than we are now doing if we recognised the Confederate Government at once, and broke the blockade. On the contrary, we should do a great deal better; because the only consequence of those steps would, at the worst, be war with the Federal States, which would be much less inconvenient for us now, than it will be some time hence, when the Yankees will drag us into a war with them for a year or two, or three, or four, or more probably longer, with the view of finding an effective cure for their sectional heartburnings. For now we should get the South for an ally; whereas then we should have to fight the Yankees single-handed.

But mind, JONATHAN, the above logic is all conditional. It rests only on the supposition that the *New York Times* represents you. We believe no such thing. The idea that you would dream of enforcing reparation from England for the *Alabama's* depredations is as absurd as would be the notion that we meant to call upon the United States to indemnify us for the damage done through contraband of war supplied during the late Crimean struggle by American citizens to Russia. As if, too, you would be such a fool as to complain of the sale of the *Alabama* to the Confederates, when you know how much more of the means of warfare, in the shape of gunpowder and weapons, is sold, on precisely the same principle of neutrality, to you. No, JONATHAN; the malignant nonsense above quoted from the *New York Times* could only have been conceived and uttered by a particular species of mischievous, ill-conditioned unscrupulous blackguard.

It is the characteristic howl of the Yahoo, or Irishman of the baser sort, who, for the good of his own country, and for the bane of yours, has transported himself into your midst. He occupies many an Editor's writing desk, but would be much more suitably situated in your gallant army, where he would serve as food for Southern powder. The fittest position of all for him would be that of suspension at some altitude from the ground by a ligature embracing his neck with a running noose, and maintaining him in antagonism to the force of gravitation.

Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands?

"MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR strongly recommended CAPTAIN MANGLES to the electors of Southampton. The Captain's political sentiments were the same as his, MR. SEYMOUR'S, own."—*Times, Monday.*

"CAPTAIN MANGLES has been rejected by the electors of Southampton."—*Times, Saturday.*

UPON DR. ELLICOTT BEING APPOINTED BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL, DR. ELLIOTT BEING THE DEAN.

BETWEEN the Bristol magnates
What difference may there be?
Why, ELLIOTT has the Deanery,
And ELLICOTT has the See.

GALLANT EQUESTRIAN FEAT.

THE electors of Southampton, never over particular about their political linen, have sold their Mangles, and taken to floriculture. This "dark saying on the harp" means that they have returned CAPTAIN MANGLES to his domestic enjoyments, and LORD MAYOR ROSE to the House of Commons. It is perfectly well understood that politics had not much to do with the election, but that it was a case of Peninsular and Oriental against South-Western, and Boat has beat Rail. The CAPTAIN described himself as a Liberal, and the MAYOR is a Liberal Conservative. *Mr. Punch*, who is in some sort a subject of the MAYOR, and "Viceroy over him," loyally takes it for granted that his Lordship's vote will be given on the side of common sense, and therefore *Mr. Punch* addresses his Civic Sovereign with a congratulation, but, simultaneously, requests an early explanation upon a much more important matter. The representation of Southampton is a trifle, but *Mr. Punch* begs to know whether there is to be any division of Mayoral hospitalities in consequence of the election. Are Southampton people to be brought to town to take the place of their betters at the Mansion House Feasts? If so, *Mr. Punch* will merely remind his Civic Sovereign that the precedent set in the case of KING OTHO has not been lost upon London patriots. Let the LORD MAYOR be governed by the Provisional Constitution, and all will be well; but if a Southampton element is to be introduced into the City, there will infallibly be a revolution, and there will be proclamation of PRESIDENT PUNCHADAMANTOPULOS *vice* REX ROSE. Meanwhile the patriotic yet courtly *Mr. Punch* is happy to felicitate a fast mayor on having beat the rail.

PUNCH TO PRINCE RUPERT.

"At the Manchester Distress Meeting the EARL OF DERBY headed the list with £5,000."—*Times.*

WELL done, LORD DERBY: Foremost in the ranks
Opposed to Famine; backing the Petition
Of sorrow; tendering kindness Votes of Thanks.
Well, DERBY, dost thou lead that Opposition.

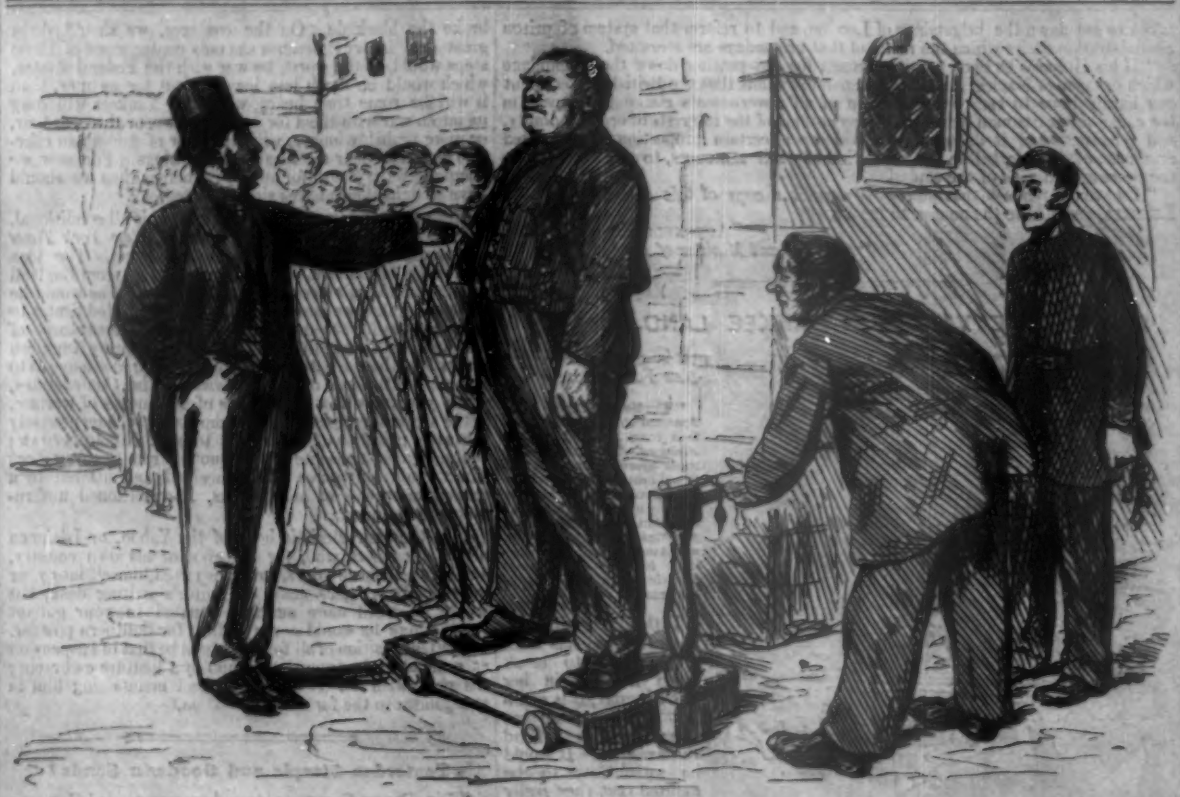
Thou art no shedder of unhelpful tears,
But rightly scorn'st such sentimental slops,
And droppest gold instead; so, after years,
Shall speak with honour of our RUPERT'S Drops.

A Trial in Little.

SAYS the *Law Magazine* to the Patriot DIGBY,
"Where, but for your votes, would your Magistrate's wig be?"
Says S., "You shall pay for imputing a job."
"He shall," says the Jury; "and high. Forty bob."

THE EX-KING OF GREECE'S LITTLE GAME.

HIS little game must have been *le Jeu de L'Otho* (*Loto*), and a rare losing game it was for him, and all parties concerned. He lost everything by it. Not once, for the number of years that he has had his hand in, did he ever draw a winning number.



JEBB'S REFORMATORY.

"What! Eighteen Stone! Oh, you'll do;—here's your Ticket-of-leave!"

SOME REALLY USEFUL WORSTED WORK.

My dear Mrs. Snookeley,

The other morning when I called on you I found you sitting in the breakfast room with your three charming daughters, who were all of them engaged in what I take to be their usual morning avocations. Evangeline Matilda was embroidering a slipper, intended I believe for the curate of Saint Reredos, Honoria Maria was putting raven ringlets on a blue-eyed worsted bandit, whose handsome features I may some day have the happiness to sit upon, while Agnes Angelina was reading aloud a thrilling chapter from a fashionable novel, whereof a good deal of the melodrame (as well as of the morals) I have very little doubt was of Parisian extraction. Of course I would not mar the harmony of this domestic scene, but as I walked away I could not help reflecting that young ladies might perhaps find better things to do than reading French morality and working blue-eyed bandits. And with this thought, my dear Madam, just let me draw your notice to the following short statement, which a correspondent sends me from the *Liverpool Daily Post*:—

"Mr. J. has fabricated a novel and warm blanket for the distressed poor in the cotton districts. It has the advantage of being strong, warm, and—costs nothing.

"It is made solely out of woollen list, remnants that in tailors' shops are thrown away or given to rag collectors. The mode of construction is simple, and the result really pretty, not to say beautiful. The list is plaited; and, by using divers colours, the blanket or quilt is made to look picturesque. A few stitches keep the whole strong and perfect.

"By preserving the list in the tailors' shops throughout the kingdom, half-a-million such blankets could be made in a week or a fortnight."

"List O List," young ladies! Surely here is a kind of worsted work quite as pleasant and more useful than making Berlin bandits and embroidering awell slippers for some clerical poor feet. Ask papa to tell his tailor to let you have some list, and then set to work at once and plat it into blankets for the poor folks in the North. Two pence a pound, my correspondent tells me, is the price now asked for list by tailors who want money for it: and as nine pounds he informs me, are enough to make a blanket, a pair of blankets of your making would cost papa as little as a pair of gloves. List blankets may doubtless not be quite so warm as Witney ones: but they will serve at any rate to keep poor folks from freezing, and, to a grateful fancy, the warmth of your kind fingers will linger in the work.

Fondly trusting, my dear Mrs. Snookeley, that these few words of mine may 'list a host of girls besides your own in this good work, I remain with all devotion to you all,

Your faithful,

PUNCH.

EXCHANGE OF WIGS.

'Twixt Judges and Bishops one cannot determine
Whose character stands most deservedly high,
And a test which is purer, the Lawn or the Ermine,
Even Faraday might not know how to apply.

But whereas our bold Bishops, if not very clever,
Are strictly attached to the moralist's creed,
Lay hold of a culprit and crush him for ever,
And deal to a Doubt what should punish a Deed.

And whereas our kind Judges, like brave *Cap's Cuttle*,
"Make notes of" each villain's excuses and prayers,
Invent exculpation with intellect subtle,
Till rascals split heads while their judges split hairs.

Suppose for the nonce that our Judges, so polished,
Turned Prelates, while Bishops as Justices sat;
Then Sceptics would find all their Dogmas demolished,
And Scoundrels would find they were food for the Cat.

No Reasonable Offer Refused.

Otho's late kingdom seems to hang quite heavy in the market. No one will make the least bid for it. We should recommend its being carried to some marine-store-dealer's, where they write up, "The best Price Given for Grease."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Bouverie Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, December 13, 1862.